*Nor.* His noble Kinſman, moſt degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeeke no ſhelter to avoyd the ſtorme:
We ſee the winde ſit ſore upon our ſailes,
And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.
*Roſ.* We ſee the very wracke that we muſt ſuffer,
And unavoyded is the danger now
For ſuffering ſo the cauſes of our wracke.
*Nor.* Not ſo; even through the hollow eyes of death,
I ſpie life peering: but I dare not ſay,
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.
*Wil.* Nay, let us ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt ours.
*Roſ.* Be confident to ſpeake Northumberland,
We three, are but thy ſelfe, and ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
*Nor.* Then thus: I have from Port *le Blan*
A Bay in *Britaine*, receiv'd intelligence,
That *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, *Raynald* Lord *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother Archbiſhop, late of *Canterbury*,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, Sir *Iohn Rainſton*,
Sir *Iohn Norbery*, Sir *Robert Waterton*, and *Francis Quoint*,
All theſe well furniſh'd by the Duke of *Britaine*,
With eight tall ſhips, three thouſand men of warre
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly meane to touch our Northerne ſhore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the King for Ireland.
If then we ſhall ſhake off our ſlaviſh yoake,
Iumpe out our drooping Countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broken pawne the blemiſh'd Crowne,
Wipe off the duſt that hides the Scepters gilt,
And make high Majeſty looke like it ſelfe,
Away with me in poſte to *Ravenſpurgh*,
But if you faint, as fearing to do ſo,
Stay and be ſecret, and my ſelfe will goe.
*Roſ.* To horſe, to horſe, urge doubts to them that feare.
*Wil.* Hold out my horſe, and I will firſt be there. *Exeu.*

*Scena*



## *Scena Sæcunda.*

*Enter Queene, Buſhy, and Bagot.*

*Buſh.* Madam, your Majeſty is too much ſad,
You promis'd when you parted with the King,
To lay aſide ſelfe-harming heavineſſe,
And entertaine a cheerefull diſpoſition.
*Qu.* To pleaſe the King, I did: to pleaſe my ſelfe
I cannot doe it: yet I know no cauſe
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a gueſt as griefe,
Save bidding farewell to ſo ſweet a gueſt
As my ſweet *Richard*, yet againe me thinkes
Some unborne ſorrow ripe in fortunes wombe
Is comming towards me, and my inward ſoule
With nothing trembles, at ſomething it grieves,
More than with parting from my Lord the King.
*Buſh.* Each ſubſtance of a griefe hath twenty ſhadows
Which ſhewes like griefe it ſelfe, but is not ſo:
For ſorrowes eye glazed with blinding teares,
Divides one thing intire, to many objects
Like perſpectives, which rightly gaz'd upon
Shew nothing but confuſion, ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſht forme: ſo your ſweet Maieſty
Looking awry upon your Lords departure,
Find ſhapes of griefe, more then himſelfe to waile,
Which look'd on as it is, is nought but ſhadowes
Of what it is not, then thrice-gracious Queene,
More then your Lords departure weepe not, more's not ſeene;
Or if it be, tis with falſe ſorrows eye,
Which for things true, weepe things imaginary.
*Qu.* It may be ſo, but yet my inward ſoule
Perſwades me it is otherwiſe how ere it be,
I cannot but be ſad: ſo heavy ſad.